Tamora. Farewell my ſonnes ſee that you make her ſure,
Nere let my hart know merry cheere indeed,
Till all the *Adronicie* be made away:
Now will I hence to ſeeke my louely Moore,
And let my ſpleenefull ſonnes this Trull deflоure.

Enter Aron with two of Titus ſonnes.

Come on my Lords, the better foote before,
Straight will I bring you to the lothſome pit,
Where I eſpied the Panther faſt aſleepe.
Quintus. My ſight is very dull what ere it bodes.
Mart. And mine I promiſe you, were it not for ſhame,
Well could I leaue our ſport to ſleepe a while.
Quin. What art thou fallen? what ſubtile hole is this,
Whoſe mouth is couered with rude growing briers,
Vpon whoſe leaues are drops of new ſhed blood,
As freſh as morning s dew diſtild on flowers,
A very fatall place it ſeemes to me,
Speake brother haſt thou hurt thee with the fall?
Marti. Oh brother, with the diſmalſt obiect,
That euer eye with ſight made hart lament.
Aron. Now will I fetch the King to finde them heere;
That he thereby may haue a likely geſſe,
How theſe were they that made away his brother, *Exit*
Marti. Why doſt not comfort me and helpe me out,
From this vnhollow and blood ſtained hole.
Quint. I am ſurpriſed with an vncouth feare,
A chilling ſweat oreruns my trembling ioynts,
My hart ſuſpects more then mine eie can ſee.
Mart. To proue thou haſt a true diuining hart,
Aron and thou looke downe into this den,
And ſee a fearefull ſight of blood and death.
Quint. *Aron* is gone, and my compaſſionate hart,
Will not permit mine eyes once to behold,
The thing whereat it trembles by ſurmiſe:

Oh

Oh tell me how it is, for nere till now
Was I a child, to feare I know not what.
Martius. Lord *Baſtianus* lies embrewed heere,
All on a heape like to a ſlaughtred Lambe,
In this deteſted darke blood drinking pit.
Quintus. If it be darke how dooſt thou know tis he?
Martius. Vpon his bloody finger he doth weare
A precious ring, that lightens all the hole:
Which like a taper in ſome monument,
Doth ſhine vpon the dead mans earthly cheekes,
And ſhewes the ragged intrailes of this pit:
So pale did ſhine the Moone on Piramus,
When he by night lay bath'd in Maiden blood,
O brother helpe me with thy fainting hand,
If feare hath made thee faint, as mee it hath,
Out of this fell deuouring receptacle,
As hatefull as *Oceanus* miſtie mouth.
Quin. Reach me thy hand, that I may helpe thee out,
Or wanting ſtrength to doe thee ſo much good,
I may be pluckt into the ſwallowing wombe,
Of this deepe pit, poore *Baſtianus* graue:
I haue no ſtrength to plucke thee to the brink.
Martius. Nor I no ſtrength to clime without thy help.
Quin. Thy hand once more, I will not looſe againe,
Till thou art heere aloft, or I below,
Thou canſt not come to me, I come to thee.

Enter the Emperour, Aron the Moore.

Satur. Along with me, Ile ſee what hole is heere,
And what he is that now is leapt into it.
Say, who art thou that lately didſt deſcend,
Into this gaping hollow of the earth?
Martius. The vnhappie ſonne of old *Andronicus*,
Brought hither in a moſt vnluckie houre,

To